

The eye of the red storm

by Hawk

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Summary: Hawk's version of what happens after "Red storm", the last episode of the series.

The eye of the red storm

Title: F/X - The Series - Eye of the red storm [R?]

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> Disclaimer:
 F/X - The series do not belong to me although I sure wish that it did because then I never would have allowed it to end with such a horrible cliffhanger. I do not make any money on this and if the world was fair then neither should the guys who own F/X make any money out on the series. Although I guess the major reason why it didn't continue is that they didn't make enough money on it... :~(Anyway, I do not make any money out of this so don't bother trying to sue me. I don't have any money to begin with either so you won't be able to get much by suing me. I'm Swedish so don't come to me complaining about my crappy English, it's not my first language so have a little patience with the stupid Swede. :)

> Feedback:
 I want it! I need it! Please give it to me! I'm begging you, pleading, going down on my bare knees asking for more, more!

> Rating:
 Unsure of American rating system, deals with the aftermath of rape though... I'd rate it R, but feel free to tell me otherwise.

> Other:
 Check out Hawk's Galaxy for my new and updated stories:

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>
 /.../ indicates thoughts. /Angie sure looks nice tonight./

> *...* indicates strong and/or shouted words. "I *hate* you Loubar!"

>

> Rollie looked at the sky, trying to sort out his thoughts about this whole situation. He didn't know what to do, what to think... What to feel... Angie has been raped. The monster who did it is still at large, since he didn't come floating to the surface, then it's safe to assume that he got away somehow./ This was a part he could

handle, his beloved Angie had been raped and the creep who did it needed to be punished. The part he didn't know how to handle was how he felt about Angie. There hadn't been any struggle or fight when she was raped because she thought she was making love to him! /Angie would *not* make love to someone she didn't love. She *loves* me./ thought Rollie and felt his heart miss a beat. The problem was, did he love her in that manner? He had always thought of her as Manny's girl, he loved her, that much was sure. He loved her more than anyone else in the world. But he had never seen her as a lover before, except in some dreams that had made him wake up overwhelmed with desire, guilt and shame because he had dreamt of her in that manner. He had looked upon her as a little sister or perhaps a daughter as well as a friend. He had always thought that she looked upon him in the same manner, as a older brother or perhaps even a father as well as a good friend. Now she had made love to the man she had believed to be him, if she hadn't seen him as a potential lover before, she sure had then! He saw Mira and Angie talk and absently stared at the two of them. Before this happened he had looked upon Angie as a beloved friend, a part of the family and Mira as a good friend, a possible lover even. He looked at the ground and the puddle of water there, he looked at the reflection of his face. /I look like a dead man./ he thought and continued to look at his own reflection.

>
 Mira threw a glance over at Rollie, he was staring at a puddle of water like it was the most important thing in the world. Angie sat beside her on the hood of the car, she looked calmer now. Mira admired her strength, if she had just arrived at the scene she'd have believed that something had happened to Rollie, not Angie. She looked much like she ever did, except for her eyes. They were firm, determined and they were overflowing with fear and hatred. She didn't show anything of that anywhere else though, her voice droned on about the weather and her posture seemed to imply that she was back to her usual self. Mira knew better though, this was not the First time she had dealt with victims of a rape. She knew some of what Angie must be going through, she realized that Angie was trying to put up a brave and uncaring front. Mira suspected that she did it for Rollie. There was no doubt in her own mind that Angie had a huge crush on the man, hell even she herself had one! There was simply something about Rollie Tyler that seemed to make sense, something that made women trust him. She had no doubts that Rollie loved Angie either, she only needed to see how he looked at her to realize that. She thought she knew what his problem was though, he thought that he loved her like a little sister. He was wrong, horribly wrong. She had seen the look in his eyes to many times not to know, he was head over heels in love with Angie. She had known that from the start, she felt a small wave of guilt because she had tried to make him fall in love with her a few times. She had always felt ashamed of herself because of that, she hadn't been able to do anything about it either. Rollie never admitted to himself that he loved Angie, so what if she had him until he did realize it? She suppressed that feeling, it was Angie who was important now. She needed Rollie more than ever now, perhaps in more ways than one. But Rollie was in no shape to offer any comfort now, in fact he seemed to need it almost as much as Angie did, maybe more. First thing First, she needed to get them away from here. Since neither of them seemed willing to act on their own at the moment, she had to take charge of the situation.

>
 Angie was torn from her description of the weather and how she hoped that they would get a little sun tomorrow when Mira suddenly jumped off the hood of the car, dragged her down and pushed her into the back seat.

> "Stay there." she ordered firmly and went to give Rollie the same

treatment, she pushed him into the car and seated herself at the drivers seat. "You guys are in shock, this place is not doing anything to help that. I'm taking you to the loft where you both are going to stay while we take care of this." she said firmly and maneuvered the car through the chaos. "I've already arranged so the place will be guarded by our people, you'll be safe." she promised and almost forced another car off the street with her driving.
 "If we make it alive that is." said Angie and held back a scream as Mira almost rammed a bus. "Watch where you're driving!" she exclaimed. A grunt from Mira was all the response she got. Rollie was silent, he stared ahead and his face looked ashen. He merely shrugged and leaned back in his seat. Angie saw his eyes and almost gasped, that was not his eyes! /It looks like the eyes of a dead man!/ she thought. She reached out and took his hand in hers. He stirred, looked down and stared at her hand. His eyes then followed it over to her arm, her shoulder and up to finally meet her eyes. He smiled a weak smile but his eyes never changed, the smile vanished and she saw tears in his eyes.

> "I'm sorry." he whispered and turned his head away from her. She tightened her grip on his hand and he squeezed it in return. He didn't turn his head back to face her though, he looked out through the window of the car. She could see his reflection in the window, he was crying.

> Mira greeted the policeman in front of the old brewery, moved Rollie and Angie through the door. She pushed them down in a sofa. She silently went to fix some tea and left them there in silence. Angie moved closer and leaned against Rollie, she moved his arm so that she could snuggle in underneath it. She looked up and she could see his eyes again, they didn't look like the eyes of a dead man anymore at least even though they were filled with guilt and sorrow. She grabbed his other arm and draped that around her as well, she encircled her own arms around his waist. He rested his chin against her head and they sat like that in silence. His slow exhales blowing down on top of her head, hers blowing softly on his chest.

> Mira silently returned to the kitchen, they had fallen asleep on the sofa, snuggled up close to each other. She suppressed the green eyed monster rising inside her and sat down on a chair, she drank the tea herself and waited. Sleep was the best cure, waking up in each others arms may also make them realize how much they loved each other. Angie already knew, Mira was sure of that. Rollie didn't, she more then suspected that. She sighed and poured herself another cup.

> Rollie slowly returned from his sleep, feeling a weight on his chest. He recognized the feel of his sofa, he was lying on his sofa with something on his chest. He opened his eyes and looked down upon what could only be Angie. Must have worked late and we both fell asleep on the sofa./ he thought through the clouds of sleep. He looked down upon her, she was snoring lightly, she always denied that she snored but she did. He smiled as he fondly remembered their arguments about her snoring. Her head rested on his chest, her arms were encircled around his neck. They were both wearing clothes and a blanket was covering them both. /A blanket?/ thought Rollie and looked at it. /Why did we drape a blanket over ourselves?/ he asked himself. He didn't remember what they had been working on, perhaps they had taken a break and fallen asleep in front of the TV? /No, the TV is turned off./ He returned to the blanket, it seemed to imply that they had planned to sleep. /But I would have walked up to my bed, Angie could have taken the couch by herself. Why would we sleep on the couch? And together like this?/ Rollie's face turned white and he searched the table for strong drinks but found nothing, only the

remote and a TV-guide. /Did... Did we do something?/ he wondered and looked down upon Angie again. He didn't find the idea of that unpleasant at all, he had always thought upon Angie as a daughter as well as his best friend and co-worker. He found the idea of them being lovers as well strangely appealing. But he suppressed that idea, they were dressed completely both of them and he would never ever be able to treat this little girl like that. He suppressed his feelings and closed his eyes again. /What did we do last night?/ Then it all came back to him. He trembled as he remembered the rape, the hunt, the failure to catch that monster. He wanted to rip the skin off that creeps body, chop off several parts of his anatomy, boil his eyes in oil and tear the hair off his body one strand at a time and then boil him in his own blood! He trembled and clenched his fists. His shaking body must have disturbed Angie's sleep because she slowly opened her eyes and looked up at him. He was breathless, he didn't know what to say, what to do. She smiled joyfully and dragged herself up to his face and gave him a kiss, then another, then another.

> "Good morning Rollie." she said and sighed. "Last night was... great." she said sleepily and kissed him again. "Think you're up for another one?" she asked playfully and nibbled his ear. Oh-my-god!/ he thought and tried to quench the almost overwhelming desire he felt for her. /She doesn't remember!/ he thought and looked upon her with panic in his eyes. She raised his head to look down upon him and he saw her eyes widen in shock after one look at his face.

> "Rollie..." she whispered and then jumped back. "Is... Am... Are..." she blurted out word after word and huddled up in a trembling pile. He nodded and held up a lone finger to his cheek and tore up a bleeding wound to prove that it really was him. She stopped her trembles and relaxed, she grabbed a napkin from the table behind the couch and dabbed at his bleeding wound. She sat in his knee when she did it and he fought a desperate fight against his desire to take her in his arms and make wild and passionate love to her.
 "I'm sorry Rollie." she whispered and hugged him closely. He hugged her back, this was a accepted way of showing love between the two of them.

> "I'm sorry too Ange, I should have been there. I should have prevented it, should have done something!" he said whispered fiercely and hugged her closer. Her warm body pressed against his made nothing to lessen his desire but it was slowly being pushed away by a feeling of rage, so great that he saw everything through a red hue. How dare he do that do my Angie?! I-AM-GOING-TO-KILL-HIM!/>

> "It's okay Rollie, s'okay." she whispered but he could feel the lie miles away. He lessened the pressure of his hug and pulled her away from him. He looked into her eyes and could see her shrink back from him.
 "No it's not Angie. What he did... That is not 'okay'. I'm going to find him and I'm going to kill him, that's a promise!" he said firmly. She shook her head slowly.

> "No Rollie, I... lost something to him. I do not want to loose you too!" she whispered and hugged him close. She leaned her head up with a plea in her eyes. What he saw there was not something he was prepared to deal with. He closed his eyes for a moment and then opened them again. "Rollie, promise me that you won't go after him. Please..." she whispered weakly. He didn't know what to say, how to say it but he did know that she wouldn't get any promise of that from him. He didn't want to lie to her either and give her a false promise. "Please Rollie, promise!" she begged and there were tears in her eyes. He felt his resolve draining away, his desire was back tenfold. But he could *not* give her that promise and keep it, no way in hell was he going to let that bastard get away. He leaned closer and placed a soft, gentle kiss on her lips. He fought the desire as hard as he had ever fought anything else in his life, she was a

wreck, she didn't need this on top of everything else. He hugged her again and closed his eyes.
 "I'm here, you won't lose me Ange, I'm here." he whispered and hoped and she would forget about that promise. She returned his hug with more strength than he thought she had, he felt his ribcage cave in. If she didn't ease off the pressure he'd end up with a few broken ribs. He let out a breath as she released her deathgrip slightly, not by much though but his ribs were no longer in any danger.

> "I... love you Rollie." she whispered against his chest and he bent his head to place a kiss on top of her head.
 "Love you too Ange." he said. "More than you'll ever know." She leaned her head back and this time there was no ignoring the plea in her eyes. He kissed her softly and pulled back a little. She almost jumped up to catch his lips with hers again and their tongues met. Rollie almost felt electric sparks between them, how could he have ignored his feelings for her all these years?

> "Well, I see that you finally realized your true feelings for each other." said a female voice from behind them. They broke off the kiss faster than the speed of light and they both turned their heads against Mira who stood behind the couch with a tray. "I thought you might like some breakfast." she said and walked over to put the tray on the table. "Although I suppose it's more like dinner, you've sure slept soundly."
 "What time is it?" asked Rollie slowly and looked at the tray. Hot tea and scones that looked freshly baked.

> "It's four o'clock, I guess you both needed some sleep." she replied. "I have to get on down to the station, Van Duran will want a report from me about all this. I'll keep Angie company at her apartment and I'll ask Francis to stay here."
 "I... I will sleep here, on the couch." said Angie. "I'll just get Chiops and some stuff from my place, then I'll crash here."

> "No you won't, you'll sleep in my bed. I'll take the couch." said Rollie firmly. Angie shook her head.
 "No I'll take the couch, it's your place."

> "Not bloody likely, you'll sleep in the bed if I have to tie you down there myself!"
 "I have two very good moveable beds at my place, how about I bring them here. One of you can have one of them and then Francis and me can take turns staying here at nights in the other one?" Mira interrupted. The two special effects specialists looked at Mira, each other and then they both slowly nodded. "Great, now when that is settled I have to go down to the station. Make sure to finish those scones, I had to throw away my first two trays because they looked and tasted like something you two might cook up for a tasteless horror movie." confessed Mira and left her two friends sitting in the couch. They drank their tea and ate the scones, Mira had done a truly great job with them. None of them hardly noticed, they were too busy brooding. Their police friend was back after about fifteen minutes and they had still not said one word to each other. "I'm going, I'll have one of the guys outside drive you to your apartment Angie." she said and waved good-bye. They both sat in silence for a while and then they both turned to each other at exactly the same time.

> "'Finally realized your true feelings'" mimicked Angie and tried to smile. Rollie did smile for a few seconds and took her right hand in his.
 "Yeah, you know about the bet Leo and Francis had before..." Rollie fell silent for a few moments. "Before he... died."

> "No. What bet?" asked Angie.
 "They had twenty bucks riding on whether we'd end up as a couple or not." said Rollie with a twinkle in his eyes. "I overheard them at the station once." he said and shook his head. "I thought they were crazy at the time, I mean... You and me? Back then it seemed silly, but now..." he fell silent again

and kissed her hand.

> "Yeah... Who claimed we'd end up as a couple?" she asked and this time it was a real smile, not a fake one.
 "Leo."

> "We'd better make sure he get his money's worth then." said Angie and moved closer to him. Rollie smiled, lifted her up in his lap and gave her a kiss. Then they just sat there, enjoying the feeling of their bodies against the other.
 "I guess we'd better move along to your apartment and get your stuff." said Rollie finally.

> "We?"
 "I'm going to keep my eyes on you young lady! I won't let you out of my sight for a very, *very* long time."

> "I'm going to keep my eyes on you too old man, you're the one who got kidnapped remember?" They both slowly got up and after one last kiss they walked out and alerted one of the cops who followed them in the van over to Angie's apartment. Rollie sat on her sofa with Chiops in his lap.
 "Well furball, you're coming to my place now and I have some small rules that I want you to follow." he said playfully as he scratched him behind his ears. "First, no sleeping in my bed. Second, no crapping in my house. Third, no bringing over friends for late night parties. Fourth, use your own toothbrush. Fifth, keep your claws away from my things." he instructed the cat and rolled him over on his back so he could scratch the animal on it's little stomach. He heard Angie moving around so he continued to talk with the cat. "Your mistress is cute huh? It's funny really, I've searched all my life for the perfect woman and yet she was right in front of me. How could I have been so blind for all these years?" he asked the cat. It looked at him with those wise eyes and let out a meow. Rollie nodded sagely. "I think you're right, I knew all along that she was the perfect woman. That's why I found faults with the others I dated, I compared them all to Angie and they all failed to measure up to her." Chiops meowed again and Rollie nodded again. "Yeah, you're right as usual. I have been an idiot for not realizing this sooner. I've sure wasted a lot of time." he said and looked at the cat who nodded at him and meowed again. "Yes, I was afraid. Afraid that she didn't feel the same way so I tried with other women instead, hoping that I'd get over Angie. I almost did it for a while, but she always kept worming her way back into my heart." he nodded to himself. "Well, thanks for the talk Chiops. It was nice of you to give me such good advice on this." said Rollie. The cat didn't respond to that, it simply started to purr in his lap. Rollie looked around to see if Angie was finished and found her standing behind the sofa, looking at him with tears in her eyes. He didn't really know what to say so he looked at her with puppy-dog eyes and said. "Meow?" Angie burst out laughing, bent down and gave him a kiss full on the lips. He wondered how long she had been standing there, listening to him pouring his heart out to the cat but didn't know how to ask. She seemed to know what he was thinking about though.

> "I heard everything from the third rule." she said with a smile and gave him another quick kiss. "You're right, you were an idiot. Me too, I have been thinking along those very same lines for several years now. I also kept silent out of fear for you not feeling the same way about me." she confessed. "Can you take Chiops Rol? I'm all packed and ready to go."
 "Sure." he replied and gathered Chiops up in his arms. He also reached out, grabbed one of Angie's bags and started to walk before she could protest. He just smiled and walked out of her apartment before she could get her bag back from him. "See Chiops, now I'm going to get screamed at, just because I wanted to help her out. No gratitude at all!" he told the cat lying on his right arm. "It's a hard and cruel world out there."

>
 Chiops just purred and sighed, content with the world in large even though the long man with his mistress's scent on him was

bouncing up and down when he descended the stair. Chiops was patient though, he could wait. Sooner or later the man would sit down again and then he'll have a warm place to sleep. His mistress scent was all over this two-leggers lap, she had already slept on this one and Chiops wanted to find out if he was as comfy as he looked. He had this disturbing habit of making strange noises at Chiops but he could ignore that, the strange noises the two-leggers made could hardly be important. Chiops put up with their little quirks because they gave him food, warm places to sleep on and changed the sand for him before it started to smell. He stirred a bit as they got into a smelly thing with the two-legger who had been standing outside his home, waiting for the other two two-leggers but he soon calmed down. If the two-leggers could handle this, then he certainly could as well. But he would sink his claws into the two-legger with *his* two-legger scent on his lap just to show that Chiops didn't appreciate being in the smelly thing with the loud noises.

>
 Victor Loubar staggered out of the alley and wobbled over to the man just about to lock the door on his car.

> "Hey mister, can you spare a dollar?" asked Loubar silently and the man turned around to face the speaker just to be rewarded with a fist in his face and a knee in his stomach. Victor grabbed the keys and took the wallet from the now unconscious man, unlocked the car and stepped inside. He sighed as his back got a little support from the seat. He started the car and drove away, breathing deeply. He looked down at his left shoulder and winced, it wasn't the First time he had been shot and it wasn't the worst wound, but that didn't make it any less painful. He refused to acknowledge it though, this was simply too much. That slip of a girl and the darned trickster Tyler had defeated him again! He growled to himself as he drove towards a place where he could get some medical attention and help to get out of town without being noticed. He would go for now, but he would be back for revenge. Tyler and Ramirez would regret that they had ever heard the name Victor Loubar!

>
 THE END! (At least until you read my mega crossover project, "The F/X-files X-over". Yeahyeah, lame name I know but I don't have a better one at the moment... :))

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End
file.